

James W. Smith

1346 h

THE
PETITION,
AT THE
SIGN OF THE
FOX AND SOUR PLUMBS.



OFFICE OF THE

FOR AND YOUR FATHER

THE
PETITION,

AT THE
SIGN OF THE

FOX AND SOUR PLUMBS.

CRYER.

STEP in, step in, and sign your name.
Here's room for beggars, blind or lame,
It matters not your wealth or station,
Our numbers shall umpire the Nation.

STRANGER.

The Nation's in a bad condition,
If it depends on your Petition:
What do we want? or what's your claim?
Pray, tell me, e're I sign my name.

CRYER.

CORY.

Why, Sir, our worthy Chalmers say,
That PITT has led the KING astray;
And, if he's not turn'd out of place,
He'll bring this Country to disgrace.

P E T I T I O N

STRANGER.

Why, Friend, this PITT is in a station,
A Servant to the KING and Nation;—
His plans the Council first adopt,
Then Parliament must give their vote.

CRYER.

But, Sir, they say they're in a string,
To sell the Nation and the KING;
And, if they can themselves advance,
They'd sell us all as *Slaves* to *France*.

STRANGER.

Examine, Friend, and you will see,
They've more at stake than you and me:
And guards the Nation's being lost,
Because they're sure to lose the most.

CRYER.

Why, Sir, I cannot speak to that,
But here are those who knows what's what:
They tell us, if PITT keeps his seat,
We soon will have no bread to eat.

STRANGER.

STRANGER.

If ev'ry man would mind his station, or ev'ry man
 Let PITT, or who will, rule the Nation;
 If we would 'mongst ourselves agree, and would
 They'll make a better Peace than we.

CRYER.

Why, Sir, they say, if PITT were out, they say
 We'd soon see Money fly about;
 But now, he sends it wide and far, and
 To help to carry on the War.

STRANGER.

That War is bad, there's few denies, and
 But while it lasts, must have supplies;
 But what it costs, don't trouble you, and
 Who still are paid for what you do.

CRYER.

That's true; but things are now so dear, and
 And will be worse another year:
 Without a Peace, folks are afraid, and
 We all will starve for want of Trade.

STRANGER.

That's been the cry for many years, and
 Without a reason for our fears:
 In what degree's our Trade destroy'd, and
 While ev'ry man is full employ'd.

CRYER.

CRYER.

For me, I've nothing to complain,
My betters bids me sign my name :
My Master, too, he shows the way ;
And, when he orders, I obey.

STRANGER.

Let's see your list, what men of note ;
Why, Friend, your names are badly wrote :
Here seems to be full many a score,
Who never held a pen before.

CRYER.

Troth, Sir, there's many here to-day,
Just makes his mark, and goes away ;
And, in the *Crowd*, who writes the best
Is made to sign for all the rest.

STRANGER.

I hope they read before they sign,
And knows its purport and design ;
Nor does it to a *Mob* belong,
To tell the KING, he's doing wrong.

CRYER.

No, no, we've nothing here to read,
We only sign that parchment-deed ;
And when that *skin* is scrawl'd and done,
Another parchment is begun.

STRANGER.

STRANGER.

You only put your names to that,
 And leaves to them, to say for what,
 Who has some secret views at heart,
 And draws you in to take their part.

CRYER.

Why, Sir, if numbers bear the sway,
 We're very sure to get the day:
 Our party think it no abuse,
 To go and sign from house to house.

STRANGER.

That you have many names, no wonder is;
 For ev'ry one may sign a hunder!—
 So, by designing men, you're tools,
 To call the KING and Country fools.

CRYER.

Why, Sir, they put us in a fright;
 But, if we sign, all will go right:
 And those, for whom we wrought before,
 Insists—or won't employ us more.

STRANGER.

So that you may be still employ'd,
 You'd let the Nation be destroy'd!
 By Malcontents, who rave and rant,—
 Yet cannot tell you what they want.

CRYER.

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CRYER.

When men of great estates cry out,
It's time for us to look about;
There's Dukes, and Lords, and men of note,
To our Petitions gives their vote.

STRANGER.

There's many independent Fool,
With vast estates, but wants to rule;
And so intent to get in place,
They'd bring the Nation to disgrace.

CRYER.

If such great men join in the throng,
And tell us tales, to lead us wrong,
They're sure to blame, who know much better,
For we know nothing of the matter.

STRANGER.

That I believe: Try, if you can,
Persuade the Laird to lose his man;
Yet tells the KING, in your low station,
To part with men that rule the Nation.



STRANGER.

So that you may be still employ'd,
You'd let the Nation be destroy'd.
By Ministers, who have and want
I cannot tell you what they want.

CRYER.